

Broken Hearts

Book Four



Broken Hearts



For those who think that art is more than a monetized commodity, or a mere exercise in art history, but rather an exploration of ideas and visual experience

Volume 4 in a Series

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(with gratitude to Rose Marie Hill for her support and assistance)

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1



Oh, fruits so lush, so ripe, so fair,
Their colors, their fragrance, beyond compare.
In gardens, in forests, they grow and thrive,
Their mission to reproduce, to come alive.

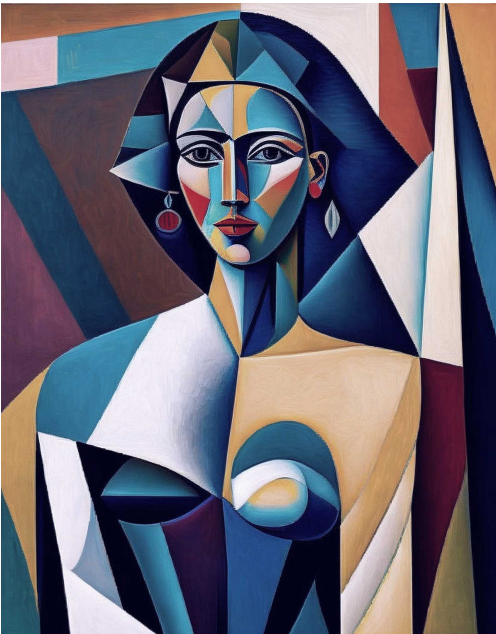
A work of art, a masterpiece divine,
Their curves, their textures, a sight so fine.
A visual feast, in colors so bright,
Fruits are a wonder, a pure delight.

Why are we drawn, to their vibrant hues?
Perhaps it's their sweetness, we cannot refuse.
For fruits so ripe, a promise they hold,
A taste so sublime, a pleasure untold.

But fruits have evolved to suit their own needs,
To entice hungry creatures to transport their seeds.
Their colors, their flavors, grown with such care,
A way to get planted most anywhere.



2



In brushstrokes bold and colors bright,
Artists paint their women from sight.
With every stroke and every hue,
Reputed to capture their essence true.

Modigliani painted ladies with fashion and flair,
With elongated necks and a uniquely blank stare.
Picasso's women, drawn with eyes askew,
Their features distorted, not really so true.



Shiele's subjects, very naked and raw,
With contorted limbs that he wished to draw.
Klimt's socialites, with their golden glow,
Adorned in patterns, from head to toe.

For each of these works, as we admire their form,
We must remember that they were born,
Not just of the women who stood there in life,
But of each artist's technique, or inner strife.



3



Sakura, a dreamer, from a very young age,
Longed to be Geisha, on life's grand stage.
She practiced her fine arts every day,
To become the best in every way.

Her talent was known throughout the land,
Her skill and her grace in the highest demand.
Yet she never lost sight of her purpose true,
To bring joy and happiness to all she knew.

Her heart was pure, her spirit bright,
As she danced and sang with all her might.
And though love once came, but set her aside,
Sakura remained true to her art with pride.

She lived with commitment to the Geisha way,
Not just a job, but a calling each day.
For her's was the spirit of a Geisha grand,
A master of art, beloved by all of Japan.



In ancient times, the Aztecs held sway,
Honoring the dead, on a special day,
Offerings of flowers and food to appease,
The spirits of loved ones, at eternal ease.

Dia de los Muertos, the Day of the Dead,
An Aztec celebration, and a Spanish dread.
When the Spanish arrived with their Christian zeal,
They tried to suppress, this practice to kill.

But the people persisted, their tradition to keep,
Blending old and new ways, in a celebration so deep.
When spirits return to visit those left behind,
And a moment of grace, for those lost souls to find.

Moved to November, this rite took a new face,
For Christians who lived there, in the Aztecs' old place.
One day to remember the innocents departed,
And a second to honor the rest, so charted.



5



In this world, where power reigns supreme,
The law of the jungle is the ultimate theme,
A place where the strong will always prevail,
And the weak are left to wither and fail.

From institutions to places of work,
This law of the jungle holds a firm grip,
As loyalty to the individual rules supreme,
And institution's well-being is but a dream.

For loyalty, born of our tribal ways,
Is the true basis for this law that plays,
A force that binds us to our own kind,
And blinds us to all else that we may find.

And so it goes, in human society,
Where the law of the jungle holds its piety,
And loyalty to the individual reigns,
Above all else, in all its domains.



6



Language, a tool of great power,
Used to connect, to convey, to empower,
Yet, sometimes, it's not what it seems,
For hidden within, our lies and our schemes.

We speak in tongues, with words that flow,
But the message we send is not always so,
For communication, it seems to be,
A way to manipulate and to deceive.

Through connotation, we convey our will,
With nonverbal cues, we can make a kill,
We avoid definitions, to prevent logic's might,
Using these skills, we stay ahead in life's fight.

Like all social mammals, we hone this fine art,
To deceive, to manipulate, to play our own part,
To gain control and to get what we need,
Our language, a weapon, we use with great speed.



7



Deep in the woods, where trees grow tall,
Lived a band of witches, warlocks, and all,
Their great house hidden, from prying eye,
Here they practiced their craft, beneath tree and sky.

The witches brewed potions, with herbs and with spice,
As warlocks summoned spirits, to give them advice.
Thieves brought in treasure, from far and wide,
And together they thrived, in that place they reside.

Once a High Sheriff gathered his knights and his men,
To vanquish the witches, and to bring to an end,
Their heathen ways, and all of their thieving,
But the band readied for combat, rather than grieving.

They cast their best spells, with all their might,
Summoned huge creatures, all of great height,
The Sheriff's men trembled, and they did cower,
As this band of witches unleashed their raw power.



A child of England was born in the spring,
With uncommon wisdom of which we must sing.
For young Alice Jane was an old soul, indeed,
A gift to the world, with thoughts we should heed.

This Daughter of Kent, at but one year of age,
Spoke the marvelous words of a time-worn sage.
Her voice was true, her insight profound,
A beacon of light, all to astound.

People flocked to see this most wondrous child
Whose every idea left them quite beguiled,
As she spoke of things beyond her years,
Of love and life, of joy and tears.

Her knowledge would blossom as she grew,
In the glow of her spirit, all did renew.
Her mind so bright, like the morning sun,
A gift to the world, and a chosen one.

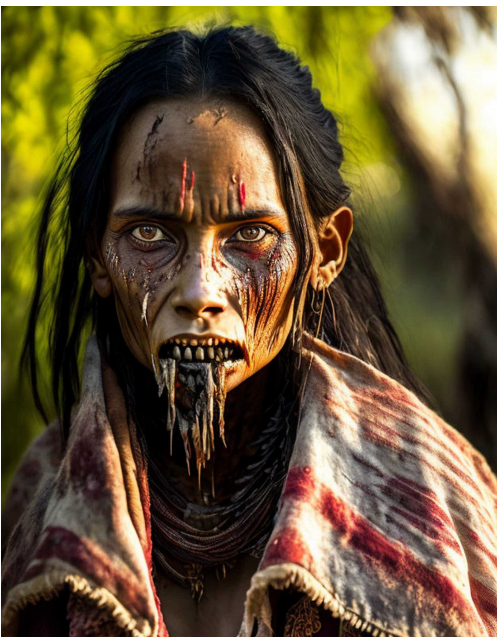


9



Carnivore, they call it, a beast of prey,
A hunter that stalks both night and day,
With eyes that gleam and heart that beats,
To feed its hunger, and sate its needs.

Yet, amidst this savage and primal scene,
A darker horror lurks, a sight obscene,
For there are some who hunt their own kind,
Who dine on flesh of their own mind.



Cannibals, they're named, a gruesome sort,
Whose lust for flesh is a twisted sport,
They stalk their prey with malice and glee,
To feast on flesh, a depravity.

Yet, we must not forget, that in the end,
We are all beasts, with a thirst to rend,
And though we may try to hide and pretend,
We too have a darkness, and we must contend.



10



In days of yore, a tower rose,
Within a land that God did know.
A spire that soared to realms untold
And made mere earthlings feel so bold

They built with fervor, might and brawn,
To breach the clouds, where stars were born.
Their eyes aglow, their hearts aflame,
For lofty heights, they sought acclaim.

But God looked down, with saddened heart,
And saw their pride as arrogant art.
He scattered tongues, and chaos reigned
The workers stopped, their cities waned.

Today we build our towers high,
With steel and glass that touch the sky.
Do we now forget this tale of old,
The end of an age, as once was told?



11



Pandora was a maiden, of beauty divine,
Whose heart was pure, but oh, so blind.
The gods had gifted her with a curious mind,
And warned her not to open, the box confined.

But Pandora was tempted, and her fingers did stray,
To the lid of that box, and one fateful day,
Out flew the spirits, in a whirlwind of might.
From that moment on, all was not right.

Pestilence, disease, and death did spread,
As the spirits of misery and woe did tread.
Hatred, envy, and malice did thrive,
As the darkness overtook, few could survive.

Pandora's cries came too late, all done,
Her box now empty, except for one.
Only hope there did remain,
To comfort our sorrow, and ease our pain.



12



Newton found force, that makes things go faster,
But energy, a concept that he could not master.
Later du Châtelet saw the square of the speed,
In proportion to energy, that was her deed.

Cardot and then Clausius saw the power of heat,
A molecular trick, and a gaseous feat.
Like the billiard balls that we all can see,
But in a very small world that must surely be.

Maxwell discovered the electromagnetic field,
Traversed by light energy, that electrons do yield.
And magnetism, the result of electricity,
A predicted effect of special relativity.

We must still marvel at this energy notion,
Tied to particle carriers, and objects in motion.
And, Einstein found, much like mass density,
That curves space and time, as we can now see.



13



Atoms gather, molecules to form,
According to strict rules, their society's norm.
Their hold on electrons is the game that they play,
To reach stability, in a chemical way.

When electrons are shared in equal measure,
A lasting bond forms, a covalent treasure.
But if this sharing is somehow unequal,
A polar bond, then, becomes the new sequel.

If this game becomes just give and take,
An ionic bond is what they must make.
But as opposite charges do always attract,
The giver and taker must then interact.

When bonds are metallic, electrons roam,
Never to claim any atom as home.
But all electrons occupy a far stranger place,
As probability clouds in molecular space.



A string, or strand, much like a line,
Can turn and twist, as does a vine.
Long ago we learned of these strings,
That we could knot, to make many things.

With great knots, we bind our ropes.
We make our cloth, and we sew our clothes.
We weave fine baskets, from grasses so new,
And we even reach down, to tie our own shoes.

Knots, so tangled as we can see,
Like the Gordian Knot, a deep mystery.
And some can never be untied,
The Eternal Knot, we never tried.

Some people will state, with bold pretensions,
That space is found in many dimensions,
But only with dimensions three,
Can any knot be made, or be.





Oh, I love pretty Saro, with her raven hair,
But fate dealt a cruel hand, left me in despair.
She longs for a freeholder, with lands of his own,
And I am a poor farmer, working fields of bare stone.

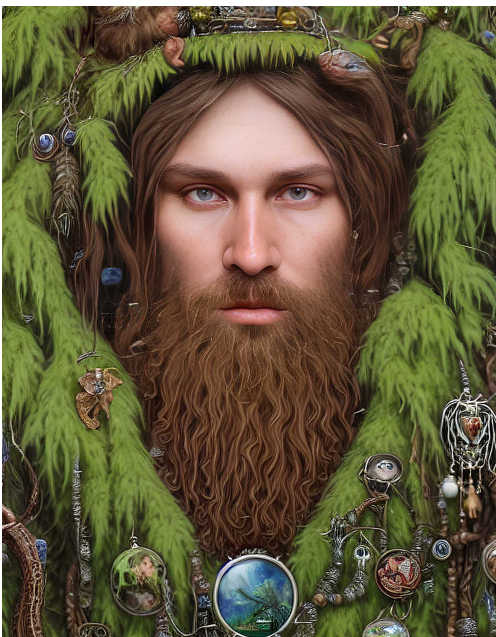
I courted her with heartfelt words, but all was in vain,
For Saro's heart was duly set, in dreams of earthly gain.
I could not win her with my love, as gold did win the day,
And Saro walked away from me, with nothing more to say.

Now Saro's gone, and I'm alone, with memories I adore,
Of a love that could have been, if only I had more.
But I'll hold on to my pride, and work my honest claim,
And trust that Saro will return, to love me as I am.

True love cannot be bought or sold, with silver or with gold,
A treasure that is priceless, worth more than can be told.
And one day, when Saro learns, that wealth can fade away,
She may come back to me again, and with me she will stay.



16



When druids held sway in their forested home,
Romans came from afar, to claim it for their own.
The druids knew well of these warriors' might,
But they would never give up without one last fight.

They called up a vision from their gods of old,
And with secret spells, the future foretold.
Then they conjured a plan, both cunning and bold,
To outwit this foe, and save lands of their hold.

The druids sent spies, disguised as mere folk.
They listened and learned of the Romans' harsh yoke,
And when they uncovered their plan of attack,
The druids set traps with care and with tact.

Thus Romans were caught in the druids' tight snare,
They fought long and hard, but the odds were not fair.
For the druids had spirits of Earth on their side,
And with powerful spells, they pushed back the tide.

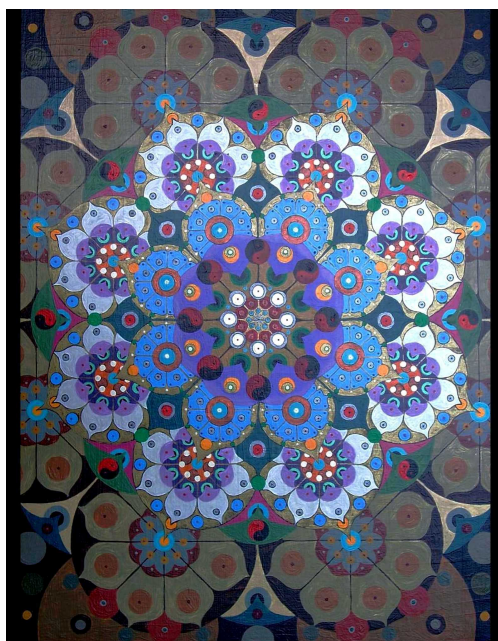
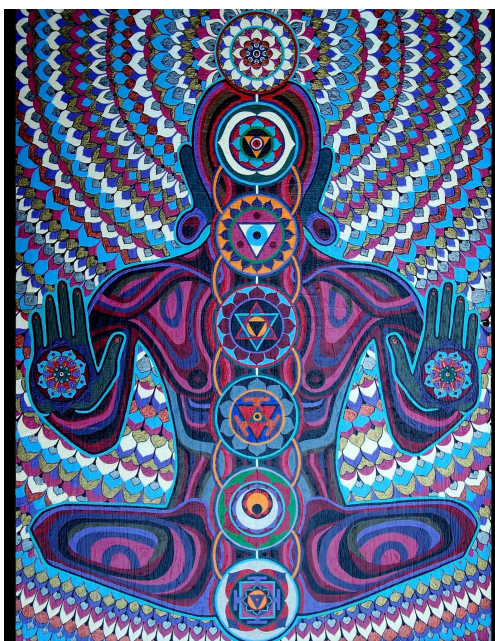


Within each genome lies a toolkit's might,
Regulatory genes to guide life's flight,
A master key that unlocks each code,
To produce the life that shares our abode.

From these toolkits, genes that combine,
Can form new pathways, to redefine,
Developmental programs, to generate,
Infinite possibilities, to create.

Cells grow and divide, a destiny to fulfill,
Then specialize, according to genes with a will.
By these genes, cells are activated,
To serve the role for which they are fated.

Over time, new forms are made,
But older tools, they seldom fade.
As long as they have utility,
They build the forms that we can see.



18



Kundalini awakens, coiled serpent within,
A force of pure energy, waiting to begin,
Rising from the base, up the spine it goes,
A journey of self-discovery, the truth it shows.

Yantra, a sacred symbol, an intricate design,
Concentric circles, triangles, squares align,
A visual representation of the divine,
A map to unlock consciousness, to refine.

Mandala, a universe in a circle so round,
A cosmic diagram, where spirit abounds.
Symmetry and balance, intricate and fine,
A visual meditation, a sacred shrine.



Kundalini, the serpent awakens,
Yantra, the sacred symbol is taken,
Mandala, the universe is created,
A journey of enlightenment, the self liberated.



19



Amidst the smoke and soot of industry's birth,
A machine emerged to power the Earth.
The steam engine, fueled by fire and steam,
Transformed the world like a waking dream.

It wasn't just the factories it drove,
But ships and trains too, on land and cove.
The railway age was born with its might,
Connecting towns and cities, day and night.

And with its power, came a grand ambition,
To secure empires with greater conviction.
Colonial powers, like Britain and France,
Used steam-powered ships to expand their stance.

From India to Africa, as they sailed,
Their steam engines never once failed.
With power and speed, they reigned supreme,
A new era of dominance, it would seem.





Amidst the brush and briar thicket's maze,
A flash of russet fur in sun's bright blaze,
A red fox strides with agile grace,
In her hunt for prey and a safe place.

Her keen senses, honed by evolution's pace,
A nose that scents and ears that trace,
Her quarry's steps, its scent and taste,
Her wily ways never go to waste.

She dances in the moon's silver light,
Her coat aglow with soft amber bright,
A creature of the wild, a curious sight,
A mistress of stealth, an agile delight.

From forests to fields and city parks,
The red fox thrives and leaves her mark,
A creature of beauty, strength, and heart,
A life of freedom, wild and stark.





Long ago, in western lands,
Early Americans stood in the sands,
In tribes of many tongues and ways,
Now lost to time, not known today.

They battled often, with all around,
For food, for water, for sacred ground,
Brave warriors fought, with all due fear,
For those who lost would disappear.

Their lives were harsh, with no rebound,
And if they failed, their tribes unwound.
In isolation, some could thrive,
But in the end, few did survive.

For all, and that includes the bold,
Winds of time are too great to hold.
Worlds collide, with pride and shame,
As both legend, and art, are lost to the flame.



22



In ages past, on continents wide,
Great beasts roamed free, with fearsome stride.
Mammoths, mastodons, and sabertooth cats,
Giant sloths and rhinos, imagine that!

But soon, they vanished, one by one,
Their reign on earth had come undone.
Early humans came, with stone in hand,
And hunted these giants across the land.

By the sharpened spear and stone-tipped dart,
Megafauna lost their game, at the start,
As humans had more tricks in store,
Using fire to drive their game, and more.

The forests burned, the plains were cleared,
And soon great mammals disappeared.
Whenever humans came to call,
The megafauna would surely fall.



23

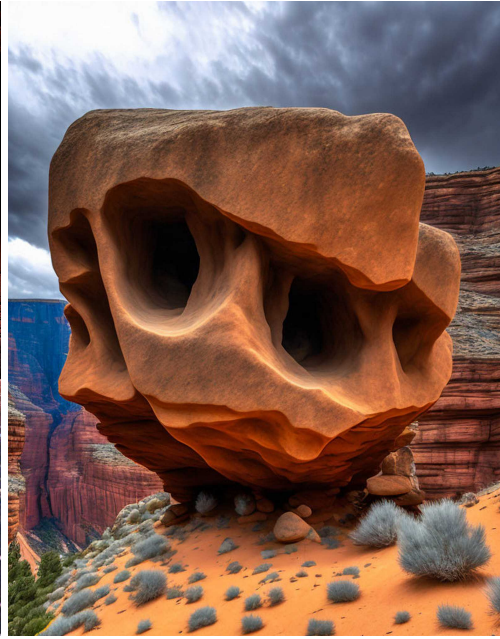


In the vast and wondrous expanse of space,
A question haunts us with an endless chase,
Does God play dice with all that's true and real,
Or does fate bow to laws that govern all we feel?

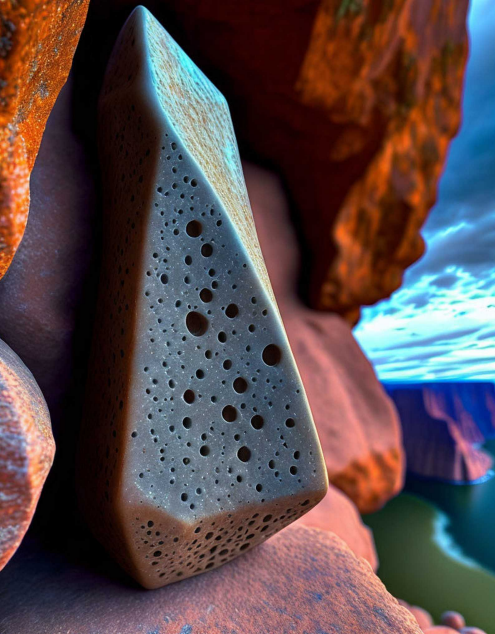
Einstein's mind, like a beacon in the night,
Saw a universe with everything just right,
A symphony of laws that govern all we see,
A perfect clockwork with no possibility.

But Bohr, with eyes that saw beyond the veil,
Saw a universe that seemed to twist and trail,
Where particles danced to an unseen beat,
And chance and chaos, a quantum repeat.

The past and future, a fixed and constant chain,
Or are they just illusions in a world that's strange?
Do particles exist until observed with care,
Or do they vanish and appear out of thin air?



24



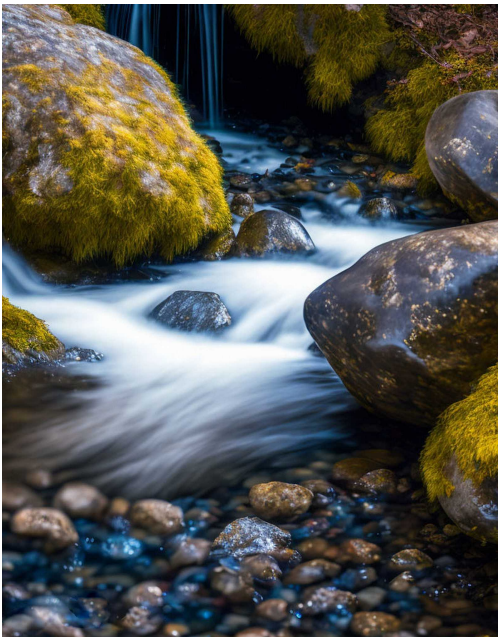
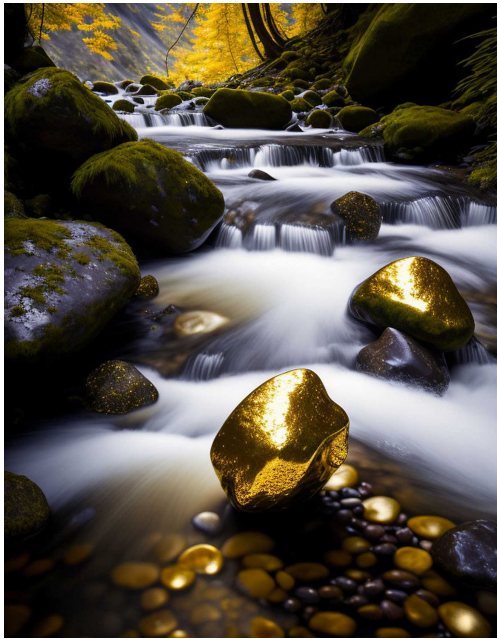
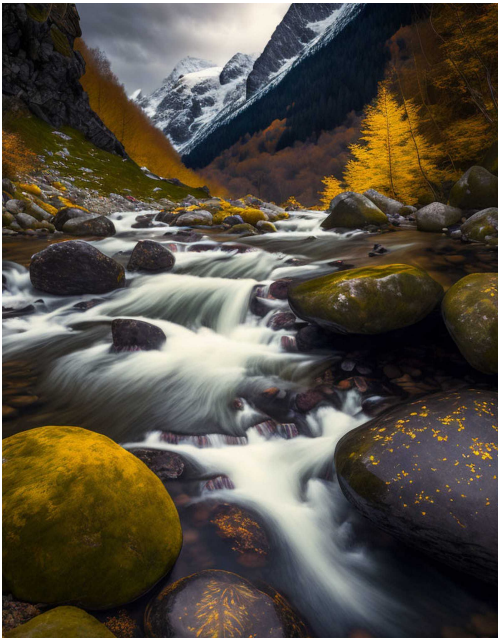
Amidst howling winds and pouring rain,
A sculptor's hand is seen again.
Carving canyons, both deep and grand,
Exposing secrets of a hidden land.

Wind whips through with a master's grace,
Creating curves with their wild embrace.
And raindrops fall like chisels sharp,
Etching away with their steady warp.

Together they work, these forces so vast,
Unveiling the earth's secret past.
Exposing layers of history and time,
Revealing tales of an ancient clime.

The canyons they form, as works of art,
Carved with precision, as by the heart.
For in the sculptures that they have made,
A past once buried is now displayed.





In search of fortune's gleaming prize,
Men trek the earth, beneath the skies,
Through verdant hills and arid sands,
Led by a thirst that ne'er disbands.

The lure of gold, with shining sheen,
A mythic dream, a rare routine,
For some it's trade, for others war,
And some its glow ignites to roar.

In flowing streams and mining caves,
Men search for that which they do crave,
A chance to grasp a golden hue,
And make their dream of riches true.

For gold is more than metal's gleam,
It's hope that drives, a force extreme,
A daring quest to catch the breeze,
A longing heart that yearns to seize.



With eyes that see but one view clear,
We see the world, our minds held near,
To one truth we cling, with steadfast might,
And see no other, hidden from our sight.

Yet there are many ways to see,
Like drops of water flowing free,
Or sands upon a distant shore,
Or stars in the sky, and many more.

Each one unique, with its own truth,
A prism of light, a sacred proof,
We might not know, nor dare to seek,
For fear our faith might seem so weak.

But when we look beyond the veil,
We find new worlds, to cast a spell,
With beauty, wonder, and delight,
And many ways to guide our sight.



Ahimsa, gentle force of love
A path of peace, a way above,
The violence that we know so well,
Its power, strength, and might dispel.

It's not just absence of brute force,
But deep compassion, a noble course,
To never harm or cause distress,
To all beings, big or small, no less.

The heart of ahimsa beats in love,
It rises to the heavens above,
A reverence for all living things,
A harmony that peace forever brings.

For in ahimsa lies our hope,
To heal the world, to help us cope,
With all the pain and suffering we see,
Reverence is the answer, and the key.



In the land of France, love blooms like a rose,
A fragrance that enchants and forever glows,
Romance reigns supreme, a force so grand,
It sweeps through the heart and takes command.

It all began in the age of chivalry,
A time of knights and damsels, so free,
A world of courtly love and heartfelt care,
A time when love was more than just a dare.

The troubadours sang of love so sweet,
Of passion that made each heart to beat,
And from their words, a new word was born,
Romance, to describe love, forever sworn.

Through the centuries, this flame did spread,
In the heart of France, it took its stead,
A passion that touched every soul,
Inspiring so many tales, as the ultimate goal.



29



In Granada's streets, where the Alhambra stands,
A young maiden named Maria walked hand in hand,
With her love, a gallant knight named Juan,
Whose heart, for her, beat like a song.

In secret they met, under the moonlit sky,
Where their love blossomed, never asking why,
But fate had other plans, as it often does,
For Juan was called to fight, in a holy cause.

Years passed by, with no news of Juan,
Maria's heart grew heavy, she feared he was gone,
Killed in some battle, a dark destiny sown,
Her love lost to war, and she mourned alone.

But one day there came a knock on her door,
And there stood Juan, alive once more,
Their love, like a flame, burned bright as the sun.
Then they embraced, and their hearts were as one.

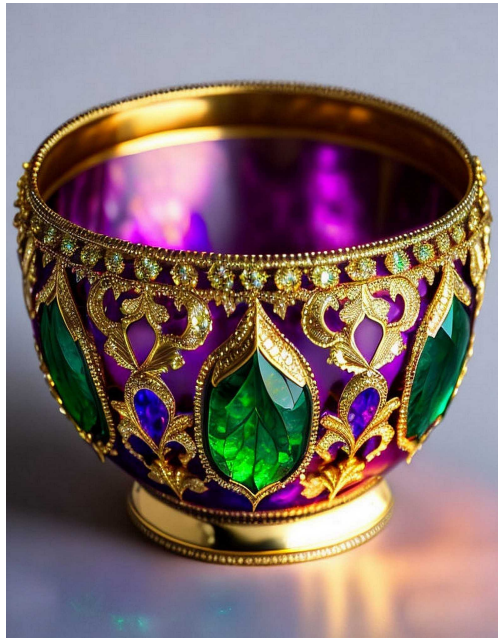


Querida mía, mi corazón
Late por ti en Granada, mi amor
La Alhambra nos envuelve con su esplendor
Pero tú eres mi mayor tesoro, mi flor

Tu sonrisa es como la luz del sol
Que ilumina las callejuelas de esta ciudad
Tu mirada es más dulce que el azúcar
Y tu voz es la música de mi alma

En cada rincón de Granada te veo
Tu belleza es parte de su encanto
Pero es en tus brazos donde quiero estar
Para sentir tu amor como un manto

Juntos caminaremos por la Albaicín
Y nos perderemos en sus callejones
Como dos enamorados sin fin
Que se entregan a sus pasiones



31



In days of yore, when artistry soared,
And artisans worked with gold,
They fashioned vessels, much adored,
That glorious gems did hold.

Under the hammer's ringing sound,
And heat of blazing fire,
Metal took on life, so profound,
It became something to admire.

Jewels of every hue and kind,
From far-off lands they came.
Emeralds and rubies, they did find,
Fierce as a fiery flame.

These treasures, not mere display,
Found purpose pure and true,
To honor gods, or every day,
To pay respects anew.





In Naples, where the sun meets the sea,
Lies a story of love that's wild and free.
Two hearts entwined in passion's flame,
Their love, a secret they could not tame.

Their parents' wishes, a burden to bear,
Their love forbidden, but they did not care.
Their kisses, stolen beneath moon's soft light,
Their passionate moments, so sweet and so right.

They'd steal away to the quieter streets,
Their hearts beating fast, their souls there to meet.
Passion, an inferno that could not be contained,
Their hearts, forever entwined and unchained.

By every rule that they were bending,
Came a love so true, and never ending.
Their embrace born of passion, and desire,
And a love so strong, it could never expire.



Beneath the deep and open sea,
Where daylight fades to inky black,
There lies a realm both vast and free,
A place where creatures live, untracked.

Here, currents drift and ebb with might,
In gentle flows and waves of height,
As winds and tides do push and pull,
A symphony of nature's rule.

And in this watery paradise,
There drift a host of creatures fair,
Whose bodies so transparent, suffice,
Gelatinous forms beyond compare.

Their bodies made of water's hold,
A substance pure, and soft, and cold,
They drift and move with fluid grace,
In harmony with oceans' pace.



In the land of Transk, so strange and wild,
Lives a people with a story, quite beguiled.
Their bodies, like gardens, full of life,
A sight to see, beyond all strife.

Their skin is soil, their hair like grass,
Their veins like roots, that slowly amass,
And when they speak, it's with sound so sweet,
That flowers bloom at their very feet.

Once they sailed from a place afar,
To escape a world full of war,
And somehow, on this foreign shore,
They transformed into something more.

For here a goddess of this land,
Visited them, with an outstretched hand,
And whispered secrets of earth and sky,
To change them, right before their eyes.



There's a curious need that draws us to cats,
For some a desire to kill all the rats,
As they are hunters, with a nightly walk,
And eyes that glow, as their prey they stalk.

At home, they curl up in laps and chairs,
Offering both purrs and piercing stares.
There's something about their quiet grace,
That draws us in, and fills a space.

Perhaps it's the independence that they exude,
A quality that we wish we too imbued.
Or it might be the way they move and play,
That lifts our spirits, and brightens our day.

But could there be something deeper still,
Something primal, that they seem to fulfill?
As we stroke and preen their fur so fine,
Do we find a substitute, for our own kind?



36



In southwestern deserts, where the sun beats down,
Lived a shaman named Otis'ka, who wore a magic gown.
He wandered in the mountains, seeking visions so divine.
Until he came upon a plant, with power to entwine.

It was peyote cactus, with buttons so small,
That, when eaten, lead to a sacred call.
Otis'ka at first knew not what he'd found,
But in his bones understood, it was something profound.

He ate the buttons, then waited for a sign,
And soon, his mind was opened, to a world so divine.
He saw the eagle fly above, and the buffalo below,
And felt a secret magic, as the land revealed a trove.

He danced in the sands, with peyote's trance of power,
And soon he discovered rituals of the sacred flower.
He called upon spirits, with each beat of the drum,
And found a path into this world, its past and to come.



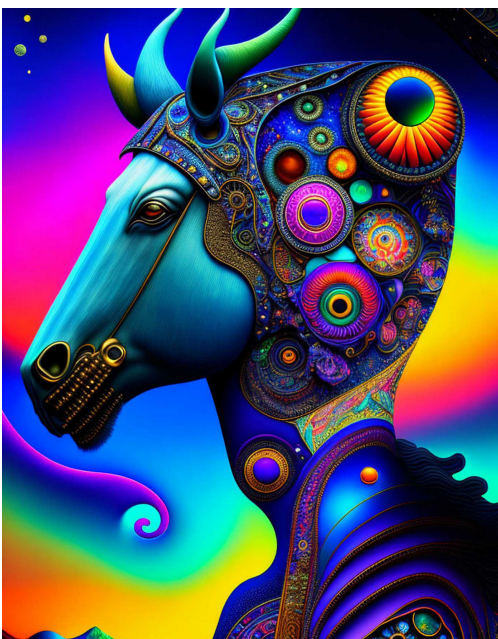
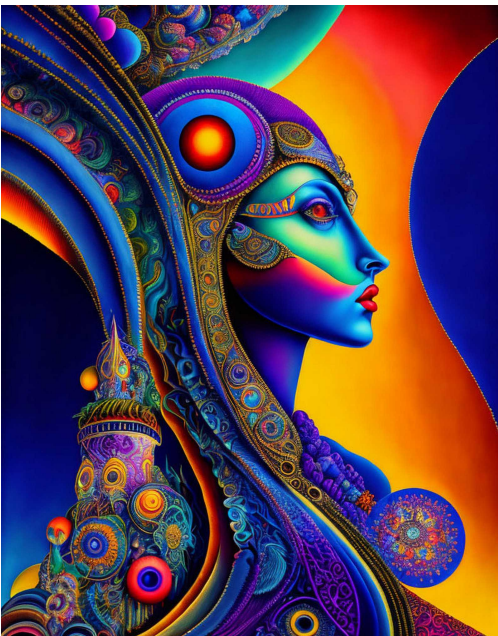
Eyes, each a window to heaven's soul,
Serve a myriad of creatures, here below.
Collecting the light that each object emits,
So the viewer can learn just where it sits.

With lenses to focus light for reception,
Designed with precision, not for deception,
And cells that collect each incoming photon,
To generate signals that show just what goes on.

Electrical signals, by depolarization,
Sent to a brain, much like a great nation
Of so many cells, and so interconnected,
That an image of objects can be resurrected.

All around us, many eyes are alive,
Collecting their light, so creatures survive.
Large or small, to see far or near,
For creatures we love, and the ones that we fear.



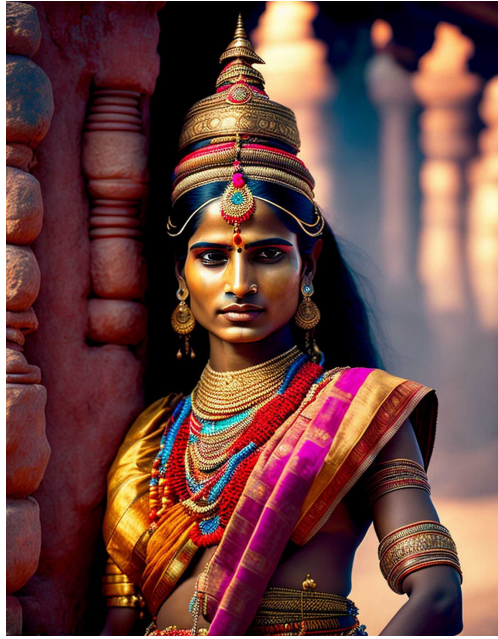


In San Francisco's golden age,
A new art form was all the rage,
Psychedelic art, an explosion of sight,
That filled the world with colors bright.

LSD, the key to mind's door,
A catalyst for art, like never before,
An altered state in which to play,
A vision born of lucidity's sway.

Day-glo hues and neon lights,
The colors of hallucinogenic flights,
A kaleidoscope of patterns and shapes,
And a portal to our inner landscapes.

The colors were bold, the lines were free,
A world of psychedelic imagery,
The art was a message from the soul,
A journey of mind, but out of control.



In the temples of South India,
Where the gods are always praised,
Dancers move with beauty and grace,
On life's bold dance, the curtain is raised.

And amongst them was Bhairavi,
With movement poised, entranced,
A rare dancer, as all could see,
Like a goddess, in her glance.

Our Bhairavi had a secret,
One she kept from all around,
For she was more than what she seemed,
But a goddess to be found.

And when the moon was full and bright,
Floating in a starlit sky,
Bhairavi would take to the hills,
And there let out her ancient cry.



40



When faced with what we'd rather not see,
We often turn, and sometimes flee,
Ignoring problems we'd rather not address,
Setting them aside, and avoiding all distress.

All too often, we choose to look away,
Ignoring questions that on our lives do weigh,
Avoiding all the work that should be done,
Distracting ourselves, with amusement and fun.

And when called out, for lack of care,
We use ignorance as an excuse to share,
Under the weight of inaction or fear,
We simply claim that we did not hear.

But ignorance is not an honest shield,
To hide behind when we refuse to yield,
To the truth that lies before our eyes,
And the problems that we must recognize.

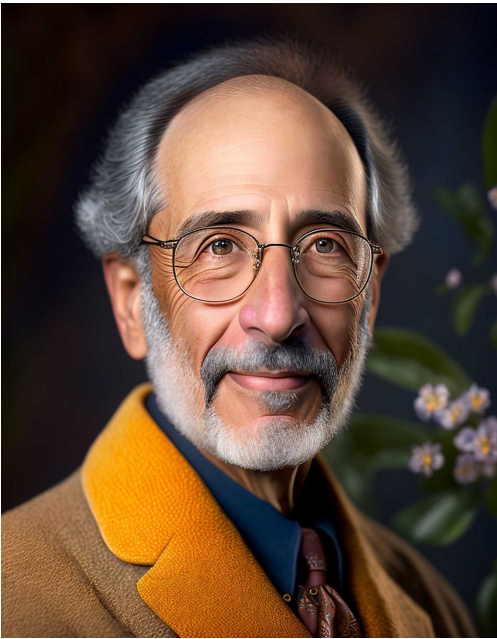


In this world of constant strife and stress,
We must choose our battles with finesse,
For every issue, big or small,
Demands our energy, attention and all.

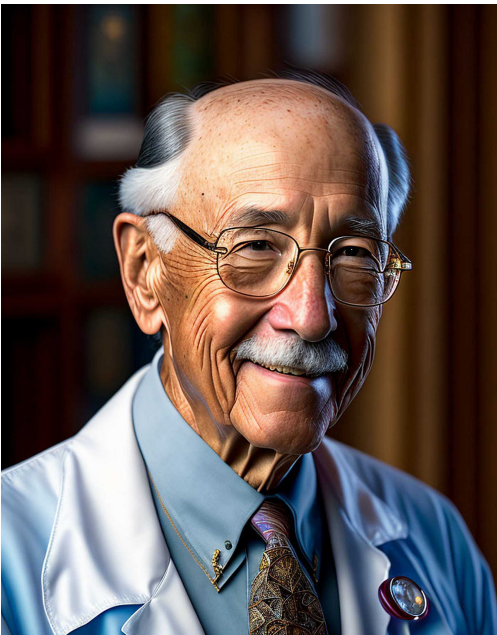
The world is a chaotic, confusing place,
With countless problems we must face,
From global crises to personal woes,
Each day presents a new set of blows.

But we cannot fight them all, it's true,
We must choose which battles to pursue,
For time and resource are finite in size,
And to fight every fight would be unwise.

For though it's noble to stand and fight,
We must also know when to take flight,
To conserve our strength for battles that count,
And not waste it on battles that won't amount.



42



In times of yore, scholars could be,
Their minds were sharp, their hearts set free,
They sought out knowledge, without a fee,
With passion, zeal, and curiosity.

In dusty halls and ancient libraries,
They pored over books, that no one else sees,
Learning secrets from the past, with glee,
Discovering the mysteries of the galaxy.

Their scholarship was pure, untainted,
Not influenced by grants, nor constrained,
By government demands, they were not restrained,
Their pursuit of knowledge, not detained.

Their legacy, a lasting inspiration,
Their contributions, a source of admiration,
Their work, a testament, to their devotion,
Their names, etched in history, with emotion.



43



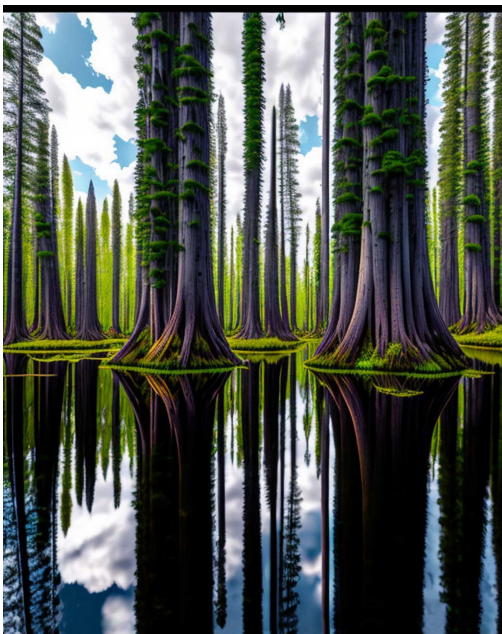
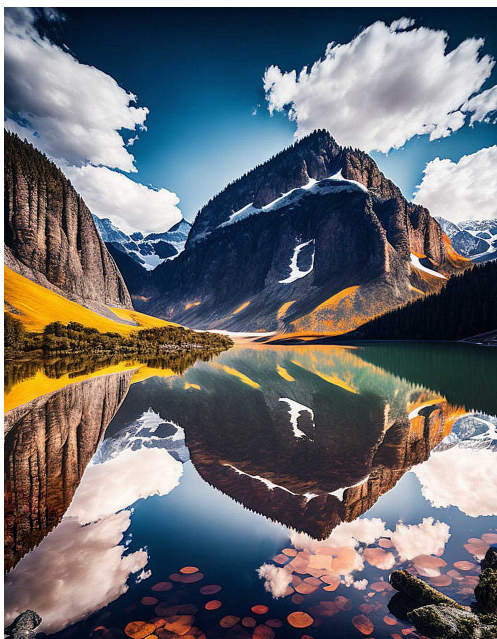
In the land of green, where grasses sway,
A new crop was introduced one day,
The potato, it was called, a food so fine,
Easy to grow, and oh so divine.

The fields were filled with this humble root,
A crop so hearty, yet easy, to boot,
A gift from America, planted in rows,
With such abundance, the population did grow.

But with success, came a grave mistake,
As the Irish relied on this crop to take,
Their health and well-being, now at stake,
And when blight hit hard, the crops did break.

Disease ravaged those fields so green,
Leaving nothing but famine, a time so lean,
A nation in distress, with nothing to glean,
As hunger pangs grew ever more extreme.





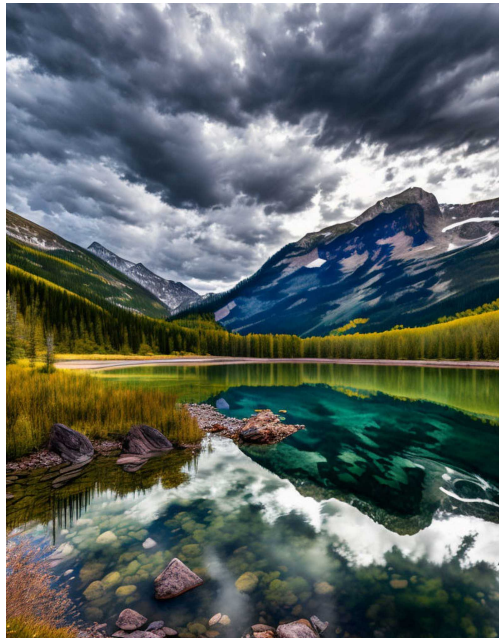
Lakes emerge, each a transient pond,
Some remained behind, as rivers moved on.
Some carved by glaciers as they depart,
Or dissolved from bedrock by a chemical art.

Water moves quickly, from the sea to the sky,
Forming billowing clouds, that we see on high.
And in this way, lakes evaporate,
But they also leak, that is their fate.

Yet rain and snow returns it back,
As the cycle continues, in perfect track.
A freshwater haven, in harmony it thrives,
Even as a lake's slow death arrives.

For with passage of time, their fate is sealed,
As sediment collects, each lake is filled.
The bog or swamp, their final stage,
A fleeting moment on nature's page.





45



In the wild and untamed lands,
Where streams flow with unbridled strands,
The beavers craft their water parks,
In places where the lakes are sparse.

With a master's touch and instinctual art,
They set to work with determined heart,
Creating dams with sticks and mud,
Turning raging stream to tranquil flood.

Their engineering skill, an amazing sight,
As they work on, both day and night,
Building dams, from felled tree tops,
Until the flow of water stops.

The pond that forms is a wonder to see,
A place where wildlife thrives with glee,
For geese and otters, a place to play,
For frogs and fish, a place to stay.



46



A boy woke to his sparkling birth,
And how the world was fresh and new,
He saw the magic on this earth,
With wonder, awe, and joy imbued.

The stars above, they twinkled bright,
The moon a beacon in the sky,
A world aglow with endless light,
A wonder he could not deny.

He grew, but still that spark remained,
A twinkle in his bright green eyes,
For though this world was oft' explained,
His heart still viewed it with surprise.

For he had seen the magic there,
The world so new, so bright, so fair,
And as years passed, filled to the brim,
His wonder's light would never dim.





47



A mother's bond, a mystic light,
A love beyond our mortal sight,
A sacred trust, a timeless vow,
The deepest bond we humans know.

Her infant's cry, a siren call,
A summons to her heart's enthrall,
She heeds the call without delay,
And cradles babe, till dawn of day.



A mother's touch, a gentle balm,
A healing gift, a soothing calm,
Her arms enfold, her heartbeat strong,
A lullaby, a soothing song.

A mother's love, a force divine,
A gift beyond our earthly time,
A beacon in life's stormy sea,
A shelter from adversity.



48



In lands far and wide, mothers hold,
Their precious infants, it is told,
In every culture, race and creed,
Love for their child, a common seed.

From mountain tops to ocean shores,
Mothers tend to children's chores,
They sacrifice, they give their all,
To care for young ones, large and small.

In north and south, from east to west,
Mothers strive to do their best,
For in their hearts, a flame that burns,
A love that lasts, a bond that yearns.

Their love a language all its own,
A bond that's felt, if rarely shown,
A force that shapes, and molds, and heals,
This truth that every heart reveals.





49

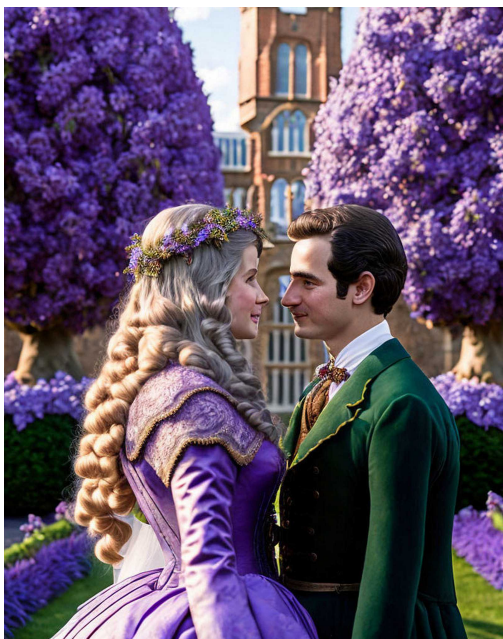


In neighborhoods where we live, a curious sight to see,
The strange inhabitants, and their oddity.
We think we're the only ones who are a little queer,
But, in reality, it's the neighbors who are weird.

There's Mister Bumble, with his bushy mustache,
Who always speaks in riddles, it's quite a task,
To decipher what he means, or what he says,
It's like a puzzle that's left unsolved for days.

And then there's Mister Finklestein, right down the street,
He wears one color only, or so it sometimes seems,
From his hat to his shoes, the many shades of green,
A sight to behold, if you know what I mean.

But please, let's not forget, old Missus Hoot,
Who talks to her cats, and often plays the flute,
In the middle of the night, when the moon is very bright,
It's a strange melody, and it doesn't feel quite right.



50



Once upon a time, a refined young man named Moody,
Went to a great college, to study tasty pudding.
With his book and his pan, he sought this kitchen delight,
But then, unexpectedly, Crumb came into his sight.

For Crumb was a strange young woman, it is so very true,
Who went to college for her plums, to learn just how they grew.
She wore a plum-colored dress, and a plum in her hair,
And when she spoke of plums, it was with poetic flair.

Each day Moody and Crumb would stroll along the quad,
It was there that they first met, near a building facade.
They argued all the virtues, of pudding, and of plum,
Soon, their disagreements, left them both feeling glum.

But then a thought came, to Moody's troubled mind,
That they might do far better, if their passions were combined.
They gathered their ingredients, with joy and with delight,
And shared their sweet plum pudding, long into the night.

